Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,
Qu. shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
King. but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture,
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, writ to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*
Relenting foole and shallow changing woman! *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne one the Westerne coast,
Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them a shore,
King. Some light-foot friend post to the D. of *Norfolk*:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine
Why stands thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne let me know your mind
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*.
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?
King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I go?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.
King. My minde is chang'd sir, my minde is chang'd
How now what newes with you; *Enter D.*
Dar. None good my Lord to please you with hearing
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.
King. Hoidaie a riddle neither good nor bad:
Why doest thou runne so many miles about,
When thou maiest tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes;
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runagate what doth he there;
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by gesse
King. Well sir, as you gesse,
Dar Stird vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *England's* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?